Yorke Well, beare you wel in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford, do theſe iuſts & triumphs hold?
Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke you will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not, I purpoſe ſo.
Yorke What ſeale is that that hangs without thy boſome?
yea, lookſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing,
Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.
Yorke No matter then who ſee it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not haue ſeene.
Yorke Which for ſome reaſons ſir I meane to ſee.
I feare I feare.
Du. What ſhould you feare?
Tis nothing but ſome band that he is entred into
For gay apparell gainſt the triumph day.
Yorke Bound to himſelfe; what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole:
Boy, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.
Yorke I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it I ſay:
He pluckes it out of his boſome and reades it:
Yorke Treaſon, foule treaſon, villaine, traitor, ſlaue.
Du. What is the matter my lord?
Yorke Ho, who is within there? ſaddle my horſe,
God for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Du. Why what is it my Lord?
Yorke Giue me my bootes I ſay, ſaddle my horſe,
Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke Peace fooliſh woman.
Du. I wil not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
Au. Good mother be content, it is no more

Then my poore life muſt anſwere.
Du. Thy life anſwere?
Yor. Bring me my bootes, I will vntothe King.
His man enters with his bootes.
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence vilaine neuer more come in my ſight.
Yor. Giue me my bootes I ſay.
Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſſe of thine owne?
Haue we more ſons? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire ſonne from mine age?
And rob me of a happie mothers name,
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yor. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conſpiracie?
A doozen of them here haue tane the ſacrament,
And interchaungeably ſet downe there hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Du. He ſhal be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman, were he twentie times my ſonne
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadſt thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldſt bee more pittifull.
But nowe I knowe thy minde, thou doeſt ſuſpect
That I haue been diſloiall to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſonne:
Sweete Yorke, ſweete husband, be not of that mind,
He is as like thee as any man may be,
Not like to me, or a of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
Yor. Make way vnruly woman. *Exit.*
Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horſe,
Spur, poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,